

A. N

## ELEGIE

On the Death of Mr. William Dunlop Principal  
of the University of Glasgow.

----- *Quis talia fando  
temperet à Lachrymis?*

**M**ust we now our Ideas thus imploy,  
A b's Death lament in stead of Joy:  
S ader's our State than when scarce Aeneas,  
T o Dido could tell's Ideas;  
E ven worse then when to Jacob 'twas told,  
R ent Joseph is, whereas but Sold.



**W**e ought therefore his Praises to resound,  
I n Thousands since his Match is n't found.  
L o He like Holy Lot, his Time spent here,  
L owing his GOD, and Him did fear:  
I n Preaching He, like Luther was a Star,  
A ny Convincing that did Err;  
M oses for Meekness, Aaron in his Speech,

**D**espising Ill, and well did Teach,  
U riah's Sp'rit, in Him did ly of Gold,  
N one so Precious to be Sold:  
L ike Joseph for's Parts, the KING did 'm Promote,  
O 're passing many in his Coat.  
Plac'd by the KING, the Colledge to Govern,

**P**lety to Plant, did Discern:  
R ightly, yea, by our Lords, He was Elect'd,  
I n Speed cur Trade for to direct.  
N one could, so well with Peace Debates agree,  
C oncerning Gentlemen, as did He.  
I n Nestor's Age, His Equal was, I don't believe,  
P aul like He was, when here He did survive,  
A ll His rare Virtues, I cannot Rehearje,  
L owing my Sails, I end my Verje.

Mors ultima linea Rerum.  
Quæ me fugeruat hic Lector corrigat æquus